

Teeth

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Summary: Hiccup and sedation don't mix well.

Teeth

****A/N:** Hey wat up guys. Got my wisdom teeth out today, and thanks to that I had the urge to write how Hiccup would be getting his own wisdom teeth out and I wrote this and suddenly it became father/son fluff which i'm a sucker for and about to go look up some more fics cuz srsly rly cute stuff there. Ad for the person that can figure out what movie Hiccup watches i will luv u 5evr**

He was woken to a large hand shaking him awake, his dads burly voice speaking to him,

"Up an at 'em, get showered, have to get to the dentists for nine."

Hiccup blinked and nodded groggily, pushing himself up and rubbing his eyes while his dad left his room. He climbed out of bed and made his way to the bathroom, gently pushing his cat with his foot to shower in peace.

Today was the day he was getting his wisdom teeth out. Four impacted ones were going to be removed, and he was nervous.

Everybody went through this, it was practically a rite-of-passage, resulting in pain, gauze, things never to be remembered, and at least one embarrassing video.

The last part was what worried him most, because he just_ knew_ he'd be a mess, and he was seriously hoping his dad wouldn't have the temptation to record anything he could possibly do. His stomach twisted in knots as he washed his being, finishing up fast and hurrying to get dried and dressed, having to deal Toothless pawing at his legs and meowing to be fed.

"Hang on a minute bud, I'll feed you before we leave."

After getting downstairs and feeding the insistent animal, Hiccup and his dad were driving to the local dentist, and his heart pounded as they reached the one story building. They pulled into a parking spot and Stoick shut the car off, looking over at his son, gripping the bottom of his seat and mouth clenched tight.

"Well, you ready?"

His response was a shaky nod, and without further talk they got out and walked towards the building. The workers were nice and all smiles while Hiccup sat down and his father talked with them about the appointment. All too soon he was being led back to a room where things were set up and oh gods look at all those sharp things that were going in his mouth-

"Just sit right there sweetie, I'm going to put on something to help with the IV and a pulse monitor while you wait for the dentist, alright?"

He nodded and sat in the seat, holding his arms out as the things were strapped on. On his right a thing with velcro and two poles was strapped on, and on his left a wrap was put on, and as the worker turned to start it up he felt it swell and tighten around his arm, and he started to breath deeply to calm his pulse.

Gods above he hoped nothing would go wrong.

Stoick sat in the waiting room, bouncing his knee as the clock ticked on. It'd been about thrity minutes since Hiccup went back, and the information sheet had said the procedure would only take twenty, and he was starting to get anxious. His heart jumped when one of the workers came out from the back, smiling at him.

"We just finished, if you'd go outside and bring your car to the front we'll meet you there with your son."

He breathed a sigh of relief and stood, walking out of the room and outside, wondering how Hiccup would be. He could slightly remember getting his own teeth out, his mother had claimed that he'd been utterly far gone under the sedation, and hadn't woken up until an hour after the procedure. What worried him most was how light the boy was, who knew what effect sedation would have on his scrawny figure?

He pulled his car up to the building and waited some more. He breathed another sigh of relief when the worker from before came out, pushing Hiccup in a wheelchair. He looked to be aware, eyes blinking every minute and holding an ice pack up to his already swelling cheeks. He had to pick him up and set him in the seat and buckle him up, but not that it was such a problem. He thanked the worker before he went around and got in himself. He turned to Hiccup,

"How you feelin'?"

He blinked before shrugging slowly and slurring,

"M'fine I guess."

Well that was good enough for him. He started up the car and started to drive, not seeing Hiccup's eyes widen suddenly and slam a hand onto the dashboard.

"We're movin'."

Stoick raised his eyebrow and glanced over at the boy, nodding.

"Yes we are."

Hiccup's eyebrows furrowed in thought, like as though something as big as a moving object needed that much thinking over.

"Howsit movin'?"

Stoick blinked and bit his tongue on a laugh as he realized that the sedation was doing this to him.

"Well, there's an engine in it, and something inside ignites it, and it causes the car to start moving."

". . . Ignite?"

"Yup."

He didn't see Hiccup's eyes widen in a panic, clenching the ice pack tight.

"Yu mean its on_ fire?"_

This time Stoick allowed a chuckle to slip out, raising an arm and lightly patting Hiccup on his knee.

"No, it's not. Nothing to worry about."

That seemed to be enough to relax the boy, and he leaned back in his seat and slipped into blinking and staring at nothing as they drove home. Once they arrived home, Stoick got out first and walked around to Hiccup's side, opening the door.

"Think you can walk on your own?"

He nodded in response, reaching to unbuckle himself, placed a foot onto the ground-

and promptly fell forward into Stoick's chest, whom caught him immediately.

"Well, at least you tried."

He lifted his son up and brought him into the house, laying him down on the couch in the living room.

"Do you need anythin'?"

Hiccup blinked and nodded, waving his free hand up towards his room.

"C'n I hav' my drag'n?"

He nodded and went on upstairs, grabbing the stuffed dragon that'd been won from a fair. It was a black dragon with green button eyes, and served as Hiccup's pillow for car trips in the past. He came down to find Hiccup with a blanket pulled over him, and Toothless up by his face, sniffing at the ice pack. He handed him the stuffed dragon, whom took it and immediately curled around it, pressing the ice pack between his left cheek and the toy. Stoick pushed some of the hair out of his face, looking at the foggy eyes,

"I have to head out to grab some ice packs and your medication, need anything else before I leave?"

The boy nodded, pointing at the TV.

"Cou'd you start a m'vie?"

He nodded and went over to the TV, turning it on and changing it to a movie channel. He turned back around fixing him with a stern look.

"No gettin' up until I get back, I'll be quick." then he fixed his gaze on Toothless, now stretched across Hiccups side and looking up at him.

"Keep an eye on him, alright?"

The black cat only stared back, but blinked and flicked his tail, which he took as a 'yes'.

He left and was back in fifteen minutes, worrying that Hiccup would've tried something while he was gone, but was relieved to come back and find him in the same spot, eyes fixed on the TV as some space movie played. He went into the kitchen and read over the prescription he'd picked up, looking for the proper dosage needed and how long to space the consumption apart. He grabbed some water before going back out with the pills, helping Hiccup sit up to take them. He'll admit to holding in laughter, because Hiccup would go to try and take a sip but pull the drink away every time to press at his chin and lower lip, seemingly confused with how weird it felt thanks to the numbing. Eventually he managed to get a sip, swallowing down the pills and struggling through drinking more water. He laid back down, denying the offer of food he gave him.

Things were quiet for a bit after that, Stoick settling down in his usual seat and working on some whittling while Hiccup continued to watch the movie, until the boy started to giggle. He glanced over, seeing Hiccup grinning best he could through the gauze in his mouth.

"He's shurround'd by assholes."

He was quiet again until another moment in the movie happened, and he let out a laugh.

"HA! Jam, like,_ actul_ jam!"

So this was what Stoick had to listen to for a while, the occasional laughs, or Hiccup mumbling in response to something with the movie, a few examples being;

"Shesh a bitch."

"Pfft, they're ushing_ actul_ combs!"

"That one guyshas a giant helmet."

"Hehee, ludicroush shpeed."

Eventually the medication had knocked him out, peacefully slumbering away while Stoick finished whittling a ship and the movie ended and changed to another one. Around two hours later he heard Hiccup shift about, glancing up to see him sitting up and blinking groggily, hair a mess and a bit of drool on the corner of his mouth. He looked at the clock, Toothless, the TV, his stuffed toy, then to Stoick.

"Wha' happn'd?"

He looked down at the ice pack he had, now melted and soggy.

" . . . I don' 'member leaving the dentists. . . or anythin' after they put th' IV in."

He rubbed at his face and Stoick gave a chuckle at the panic forming on his face.

"Oh gods. . . I didn do anythin' stupid, did I?"

He laughed as he stood up, taking the warm ice pack and going into the kitchen to grab a cold one.

"You were pretty vocal about the last movie that was on, and on the drive back you were trying to figure out why the car moved."

Hiccup groaned and took the offered ice pack, looking up at him.

"Please tell me you didn take any video."

"I promise I didn't."

Hiccup sighed in relief, situating himself again to watch the new movie that was on, cuddling with his toy dragon and lifting a hand to leisurely pet Toothless.

At least there was no evidence of his loony phase.

End
file.